
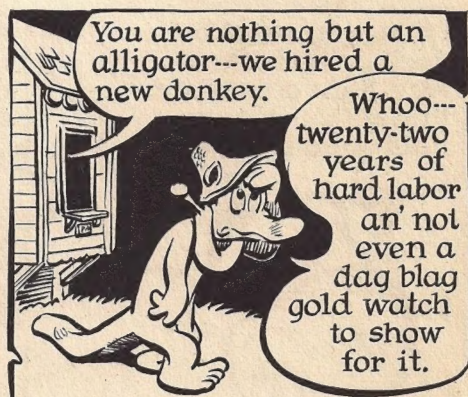
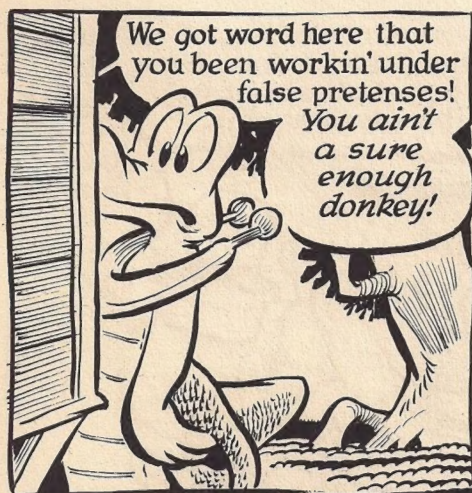
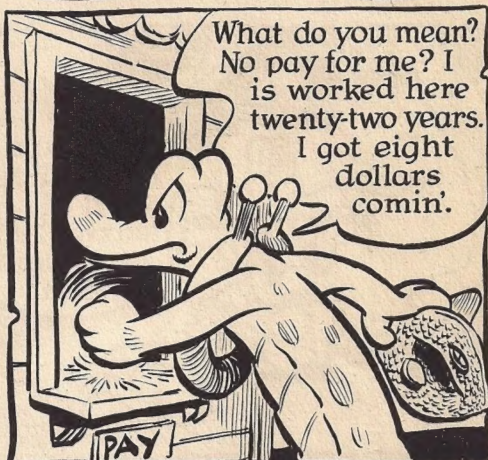
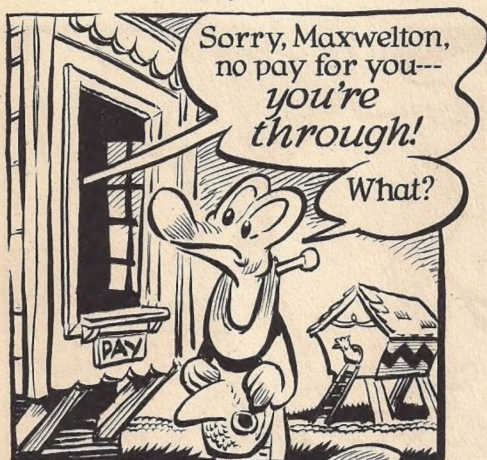
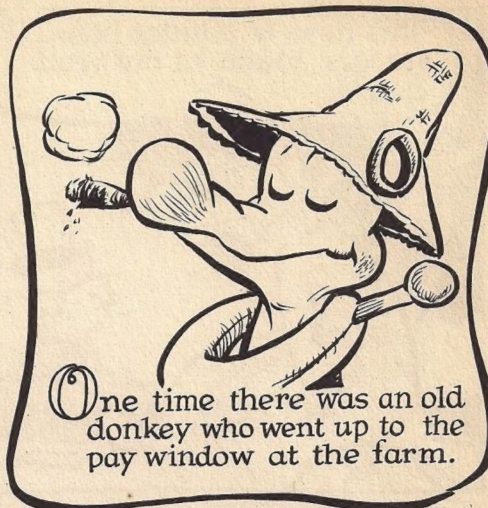
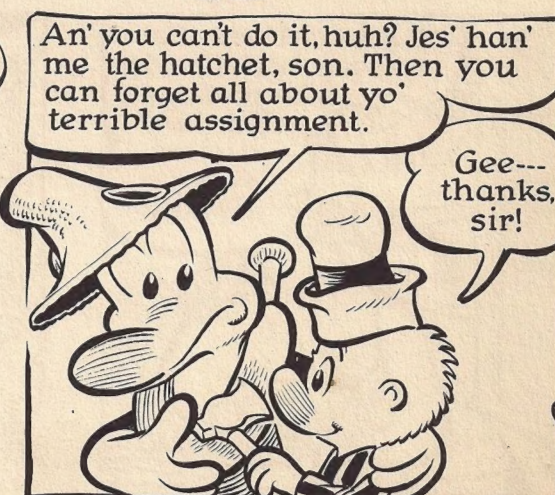
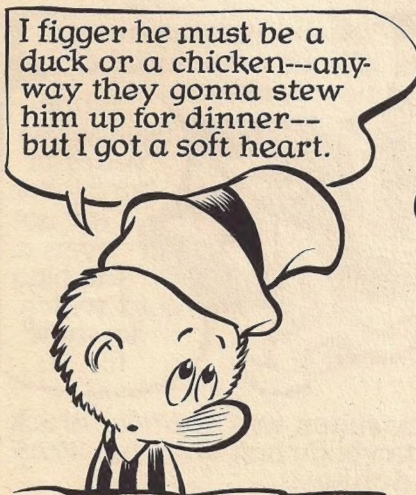


# The TRAVELING MUSICIANS

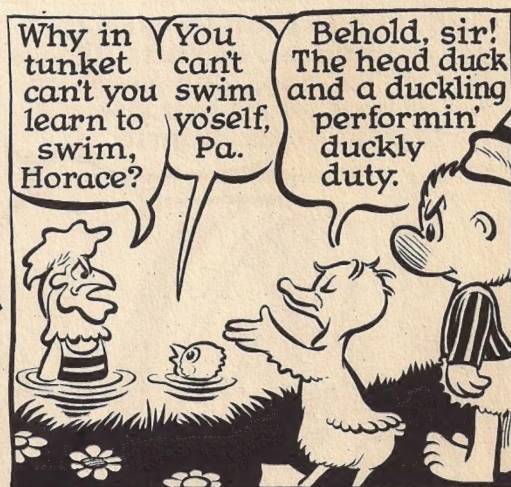
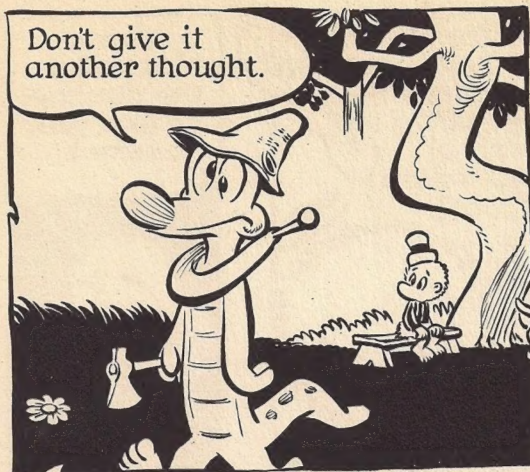



Maxwelton was thunderstruck. Everybody had said he *WAS* a donkey.

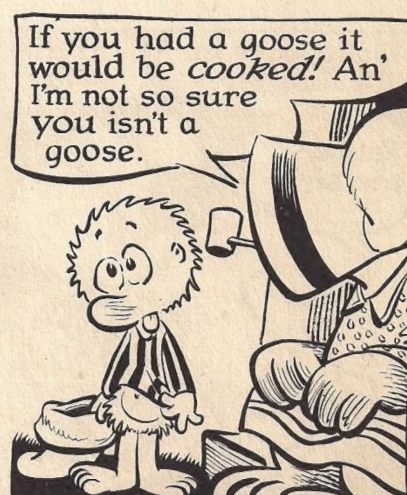
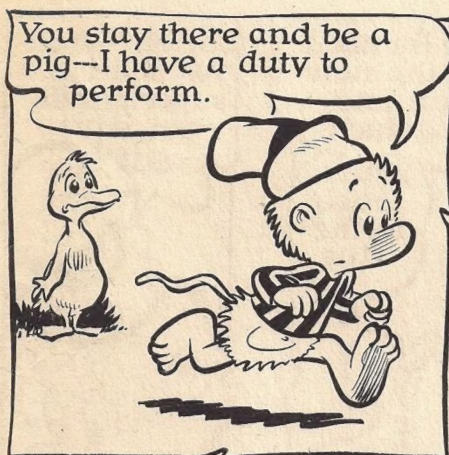




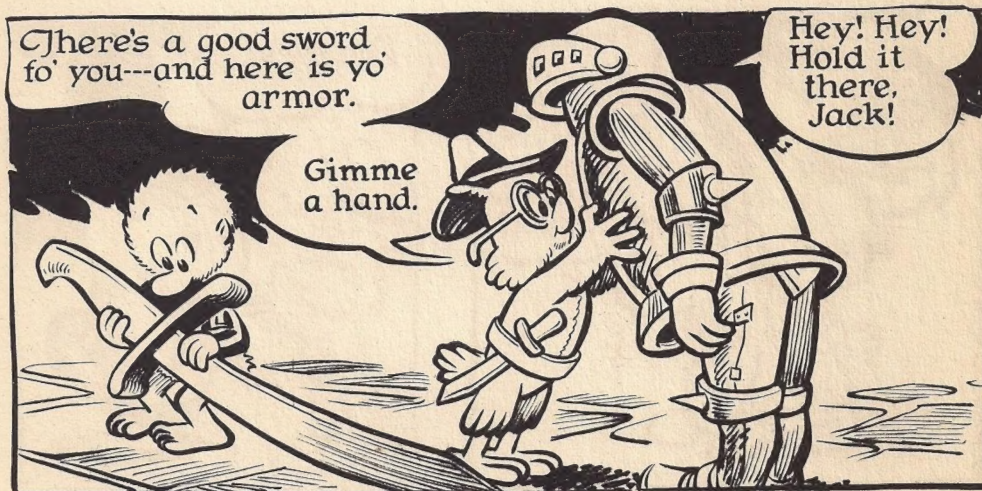
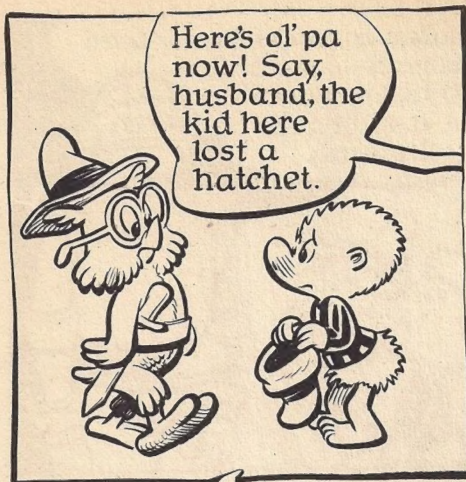




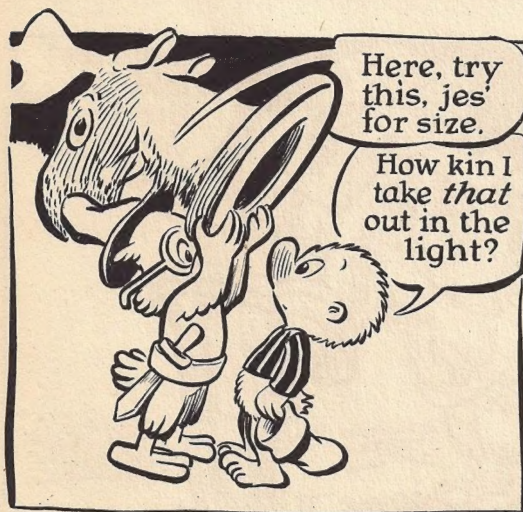
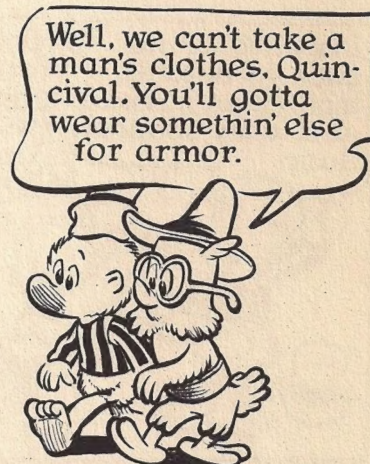
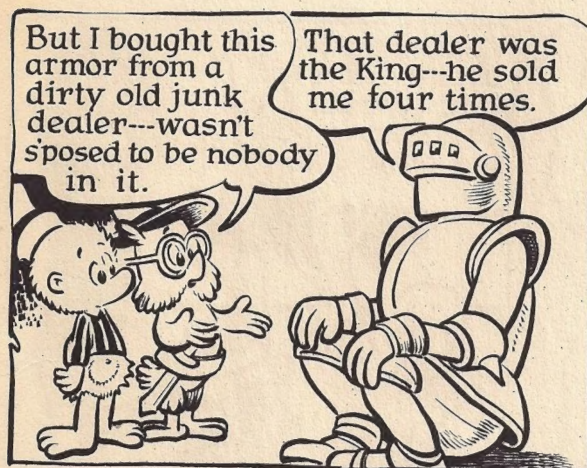
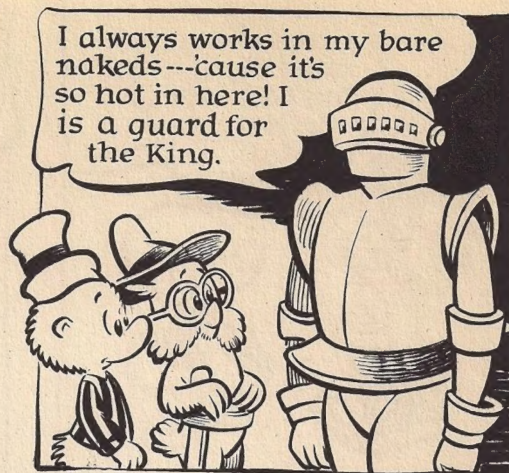




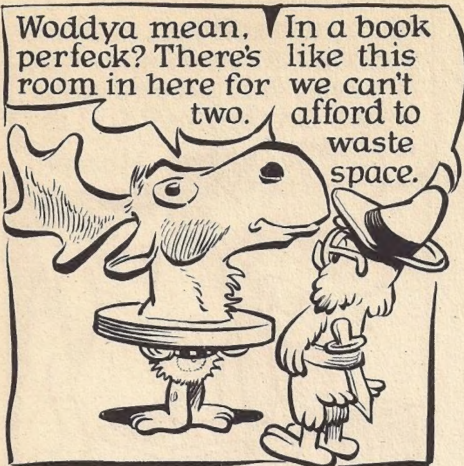








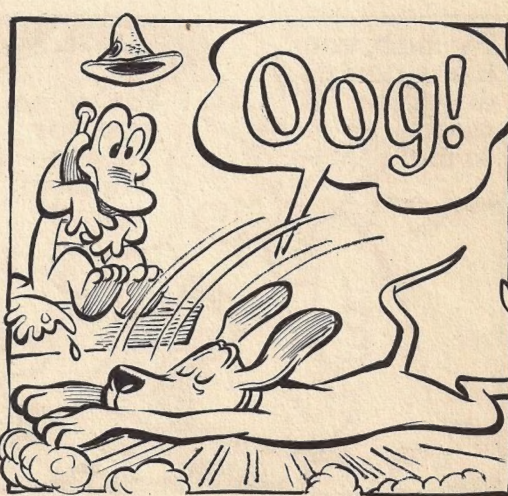
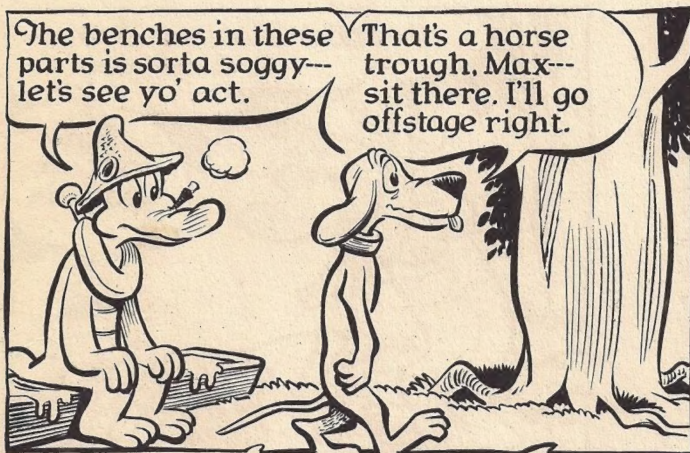
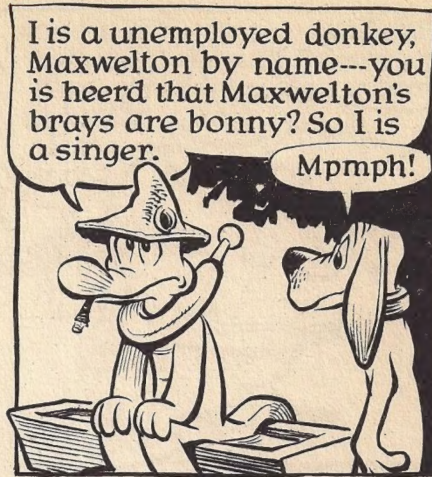




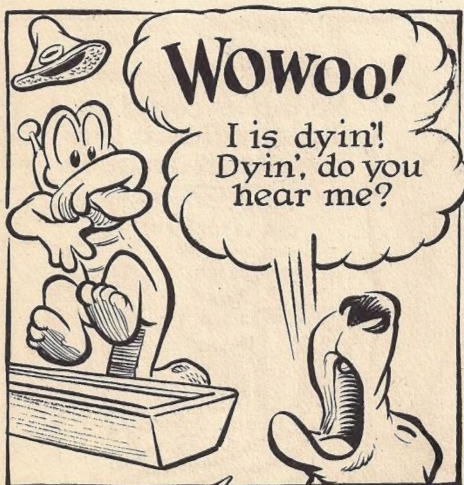
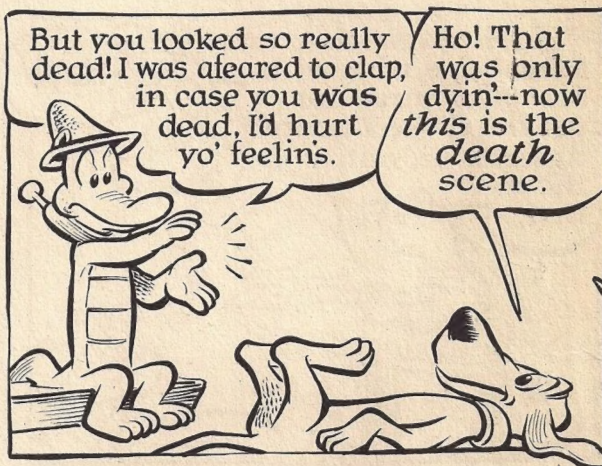
In the meantime, Maxwellton has escaped from the farm and decides to go to the big city to make his fortune as a musician. A very funny thing happens as he makes his way along the highway...



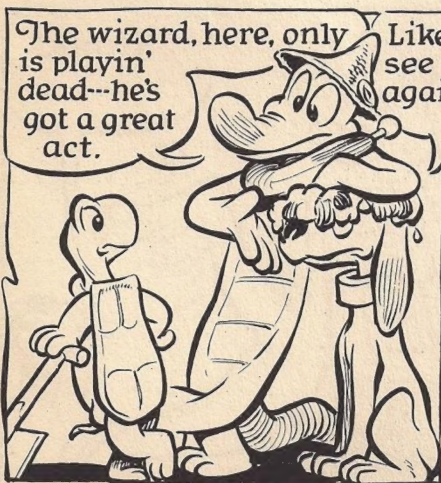
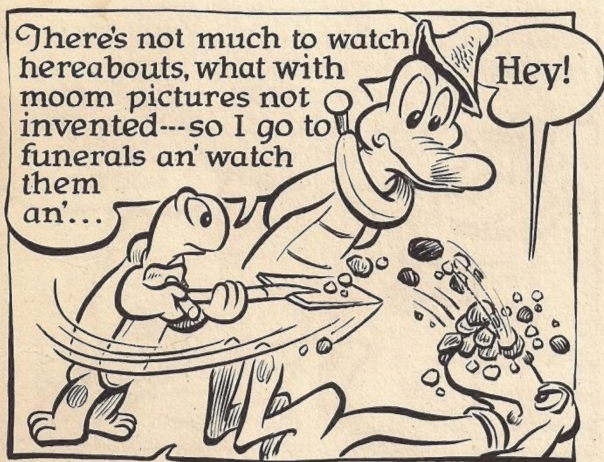
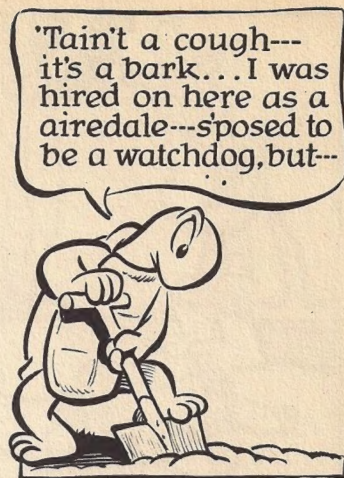
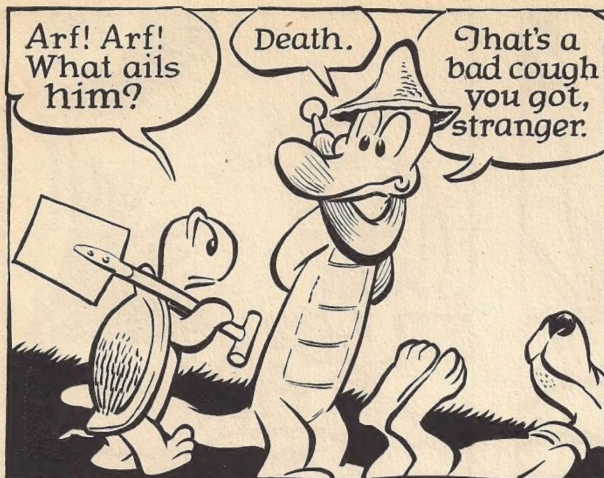




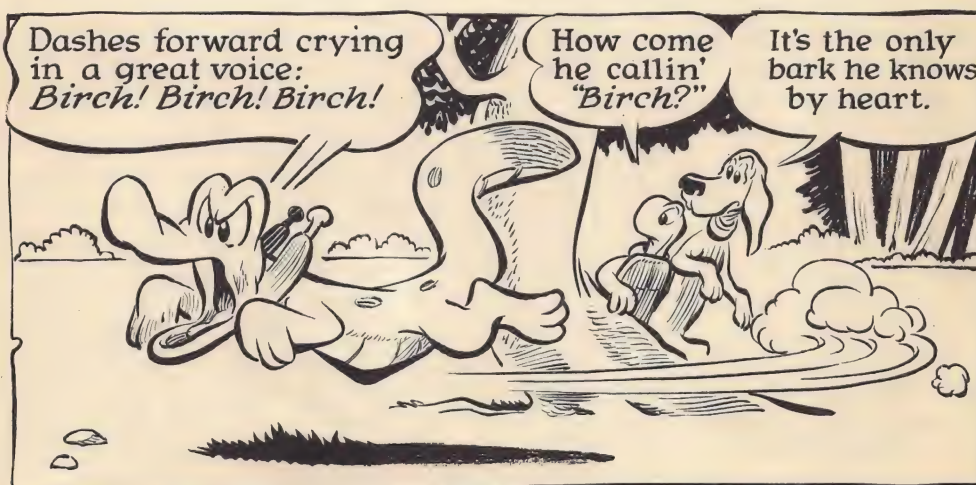












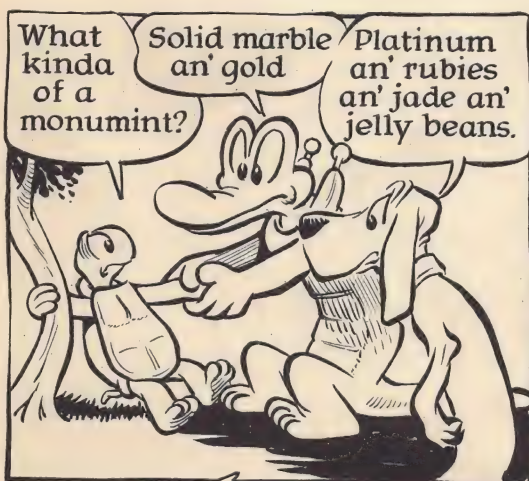
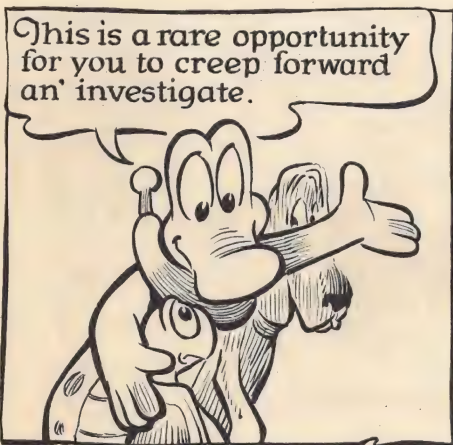




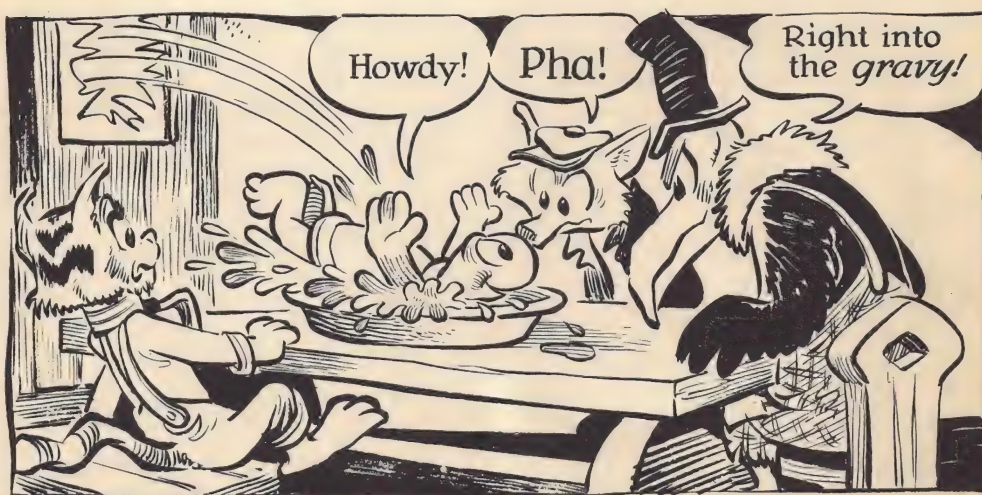
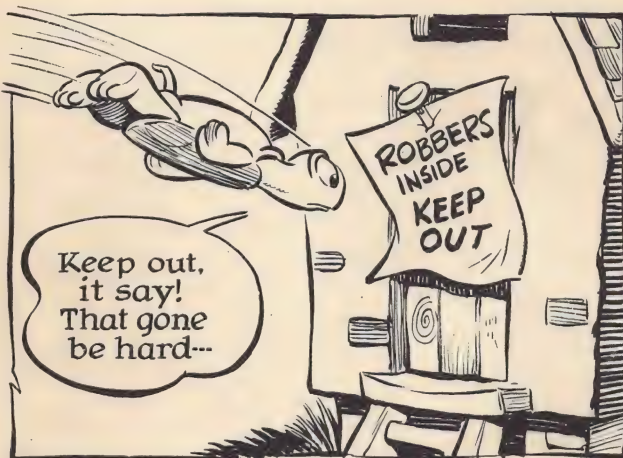




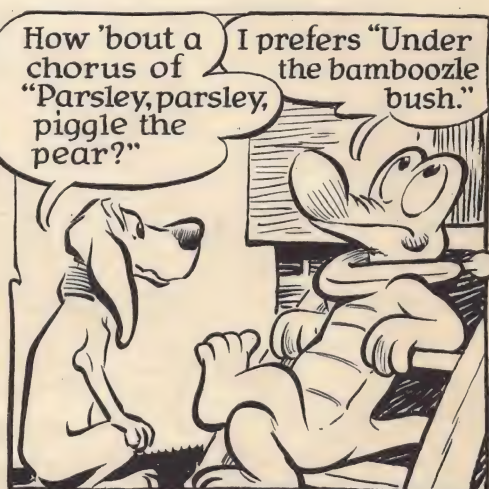
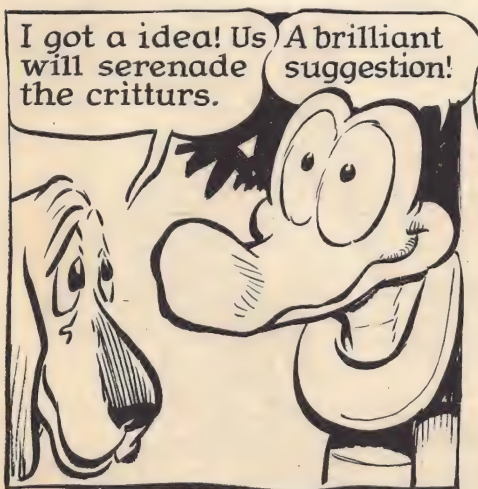
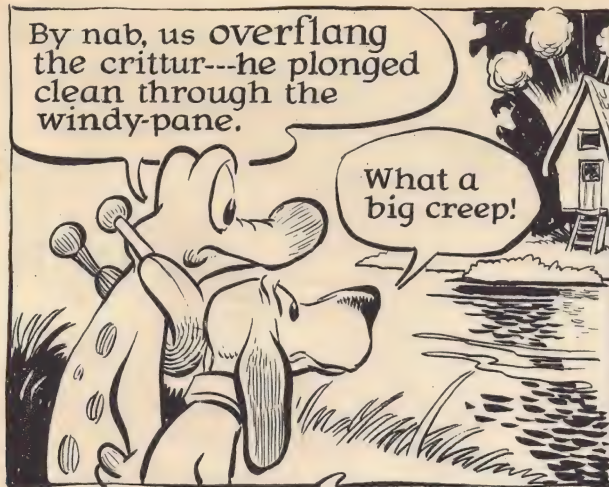




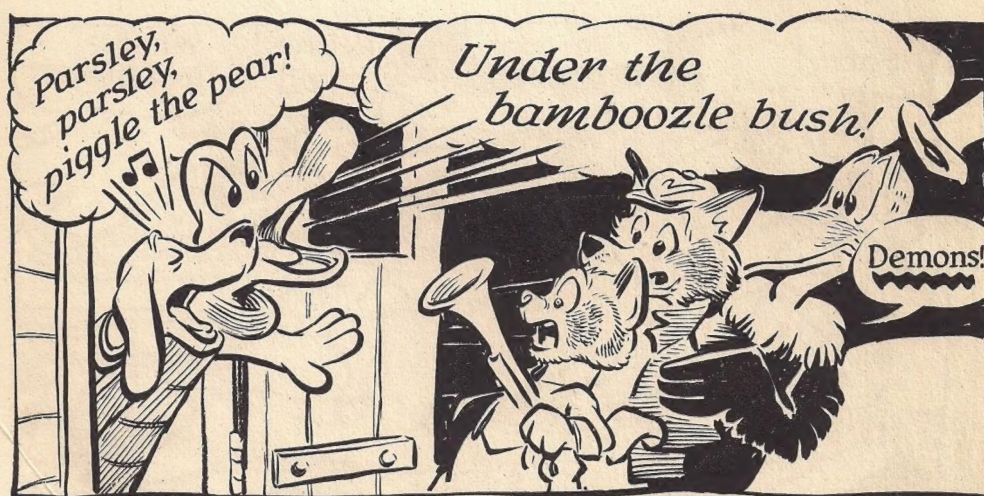




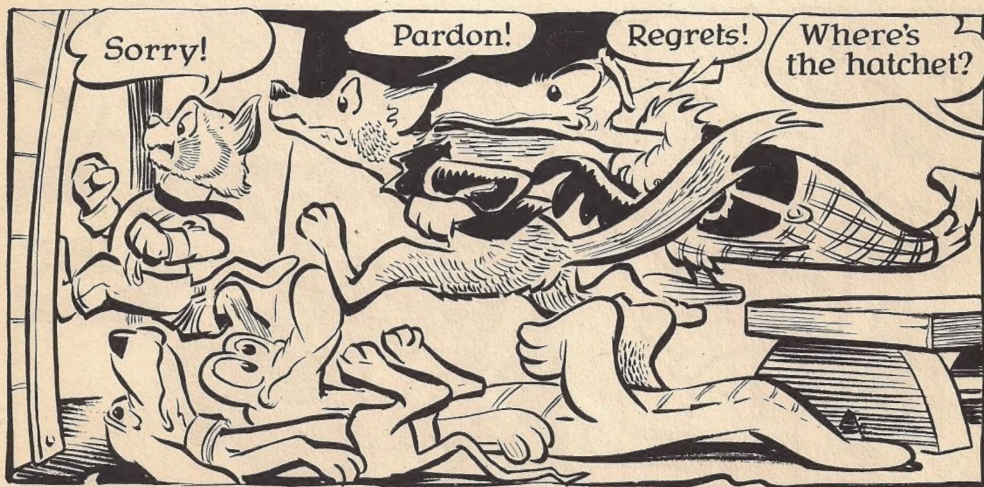
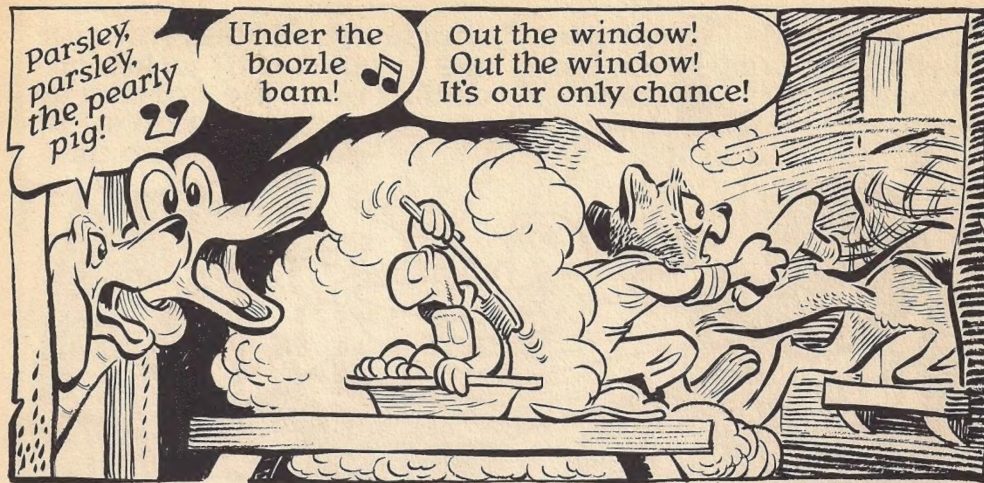




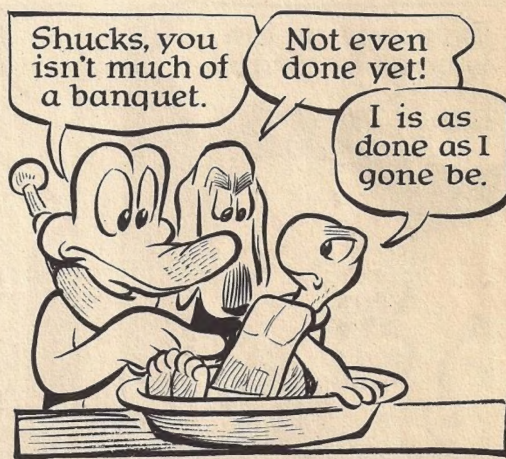
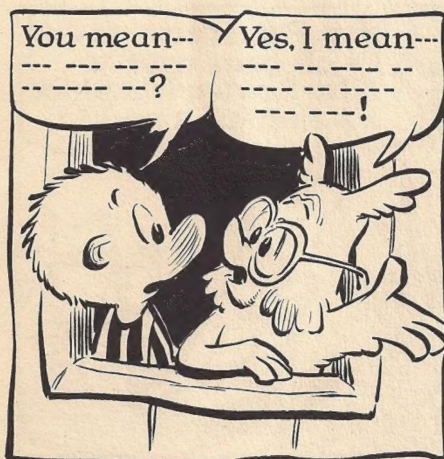
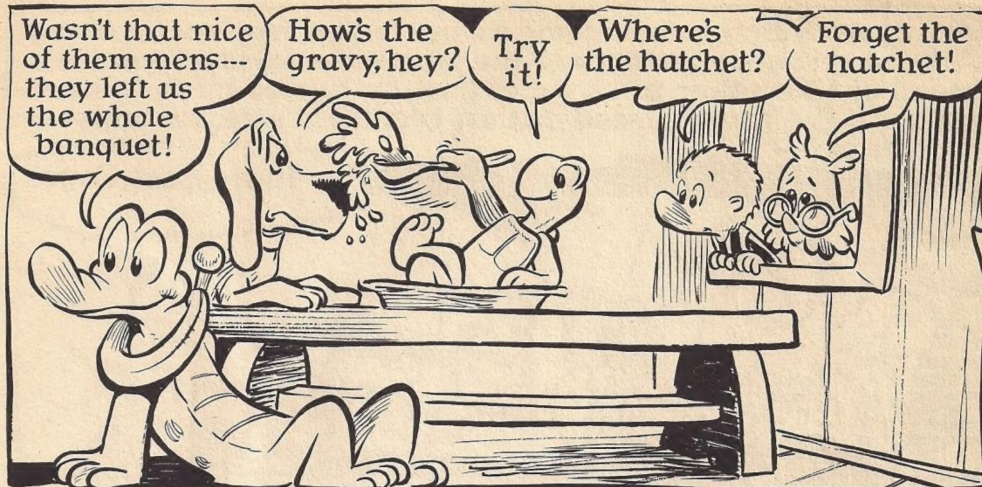














An' that, chillun, is how come we got such a comfortable swamp. All the critturs went back to the farm an' acted like themselves, 'stead of like other folks, an' ol' Owl, he buried all the hatchets an' soon the farm spread out an' become a nice, swampy woods an'---

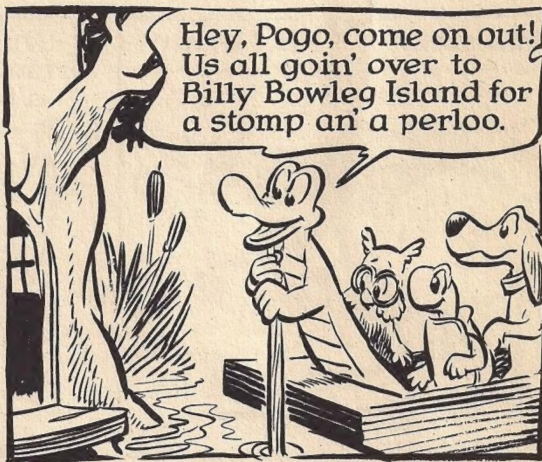


Ever' one of 'em is gone to sleep.

Land!



Hey, Pogo, come on out! Us all goin' over to Billy Bowleg Island for a stomp an' a perloo.



Shhh---first off I got a mess of tads in here as needs puttin' to bed. Gimme a hand gittin' 'em home to they ma'ms.

Sho' nuff, ol' perloo kin wait.

